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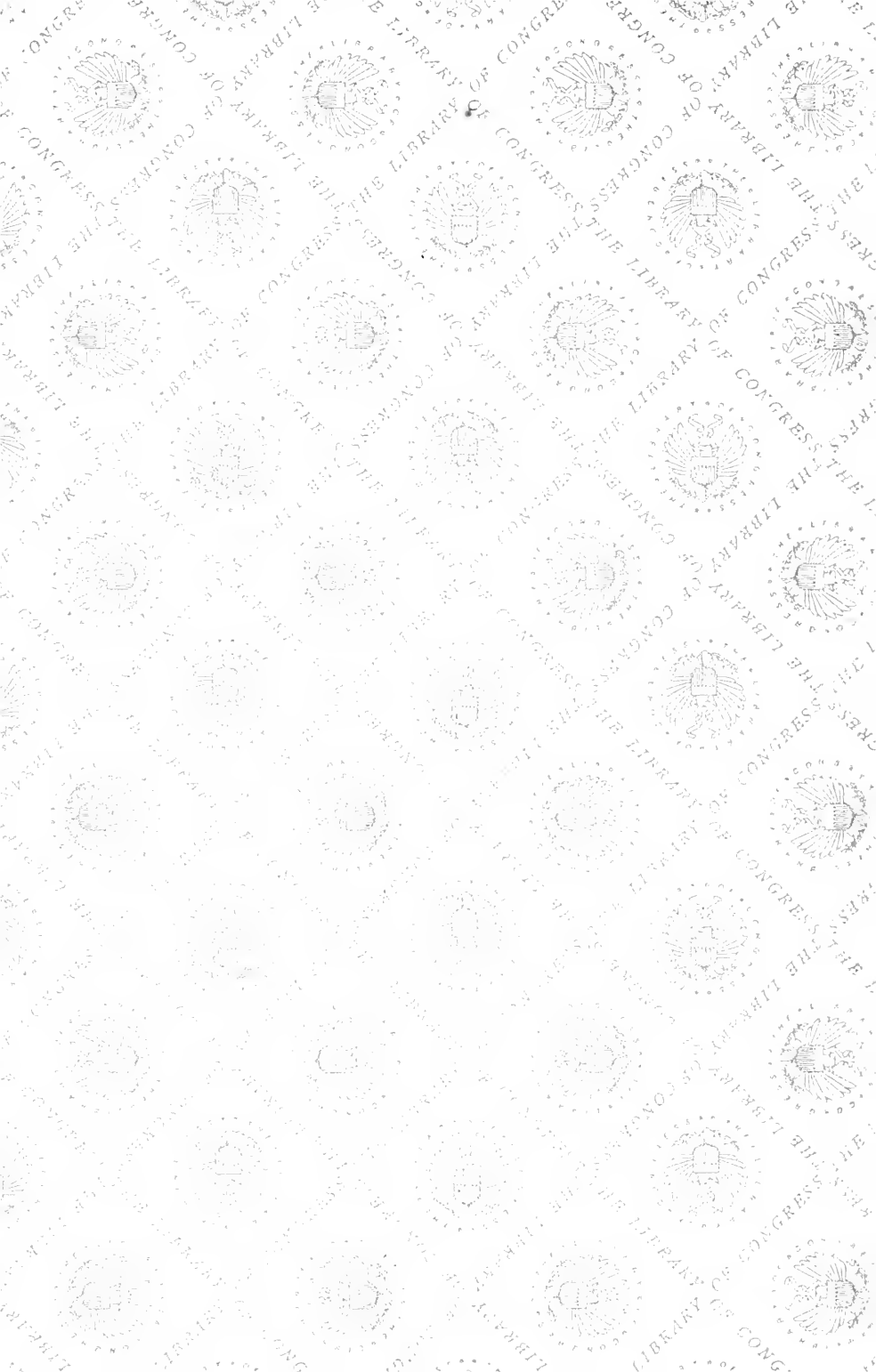
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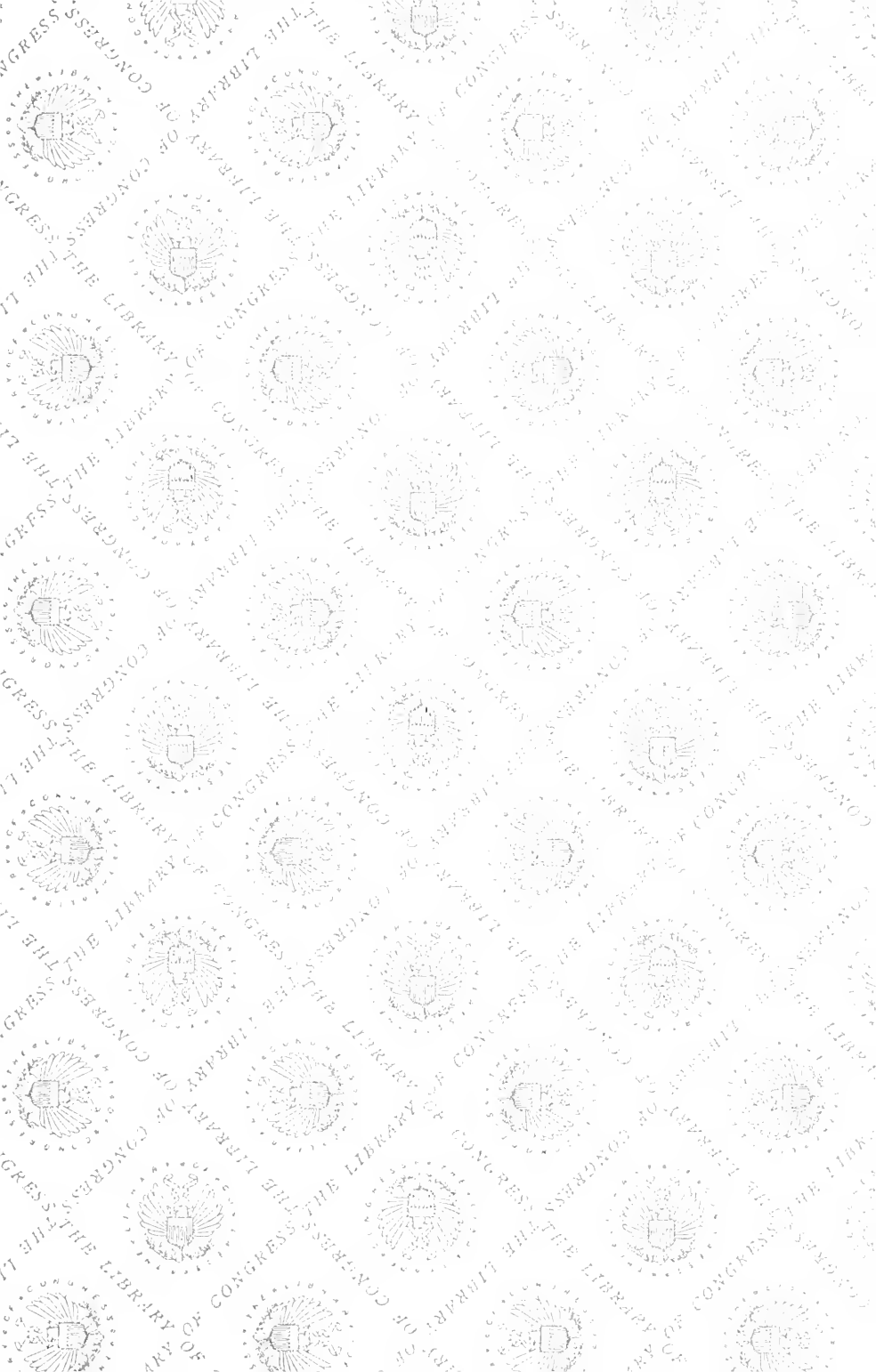
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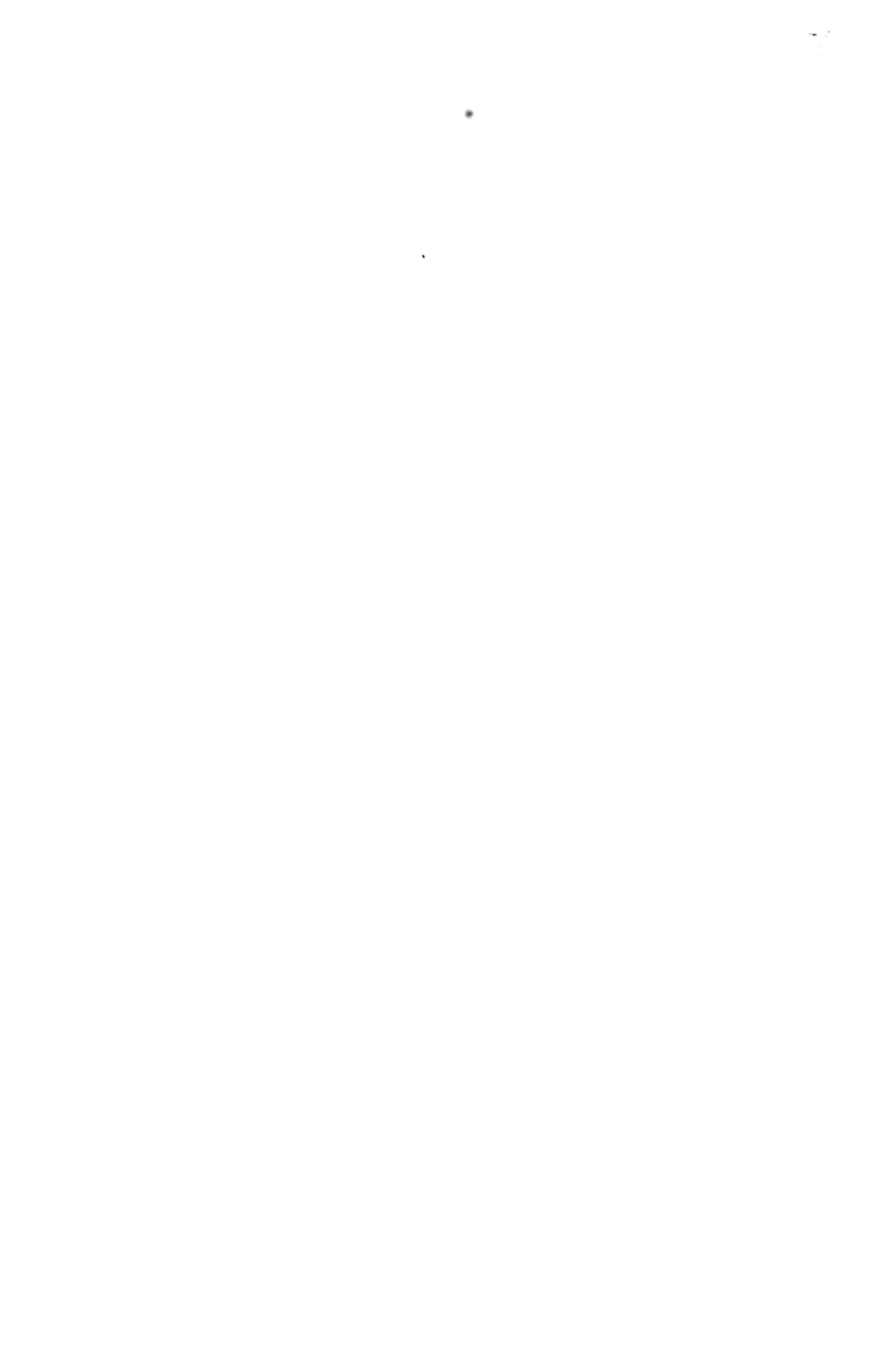
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THE MASQUE OF THE TITANS OF FREEDOM

GEORGE WASHINGTON
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By
WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON



✓ THE MASQUE OF THE TITANS OF FREEDOM

GEORGE WASHINGTON
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By
WILLIAM CHAUNCEY LANGDON ✓

Music Composed by
JOHN LAWRENCE ERB

Urbana-Champaign
Illinois
1918

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By WILLIAM CHAUNCEY LANGDON ✓

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WILLIAM CHAUNCEY LANGDON

University of Illinois

Urbana, Illinois

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JUN -7 1918 ✓

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no. 2, ✓

THE PERSONS OF THE MASQUE

REALISTIC FIGURES

GEORGE WASHINGTON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE CUSTIS CHILDREN

TAD

MRS. BIXBY AND HER SONS

WASHINGTON'S OPPONENTS

LINCOLN'S OPPONENTS

REVOLUTIONARY PICKET

CIVIL WAR PICKET

SOLDIERS OF THE GREAT WAR

SYMBOLIC FIGURES

AMERICA

BELGIUM

FRANCE

BRITAIN

ITALY

THE MAJESTIC ONES OF LIFE

THE HUMAN SPIRITS OF EARTH

PASTORAL ELVES

SPRITES OF HUMOR

THE WASHINGTON THEME

Slow and dignified

John Lawrence Erb

Handwritten musical score for 'The Washington Theme' in C major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system begins with a piano (p) dynamic and a forte (f) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (p) dynamic. The third system features a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The fourth system concludes with the instruction 'decreas. poco a poco p rit.' (decrease, little by little piano, ritardando). The score is marked with various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

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THE LINCOLN THEME

Slow, with simplicity

John Lawrence Erb

Handwritten musical score for 'The Lincoln Theme' in C major, 2/4 time. The score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (p) dynamic. The third system concludes with a double bar line. The score is marked with various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

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THE MASQUE OF THE TITANS OF FREEDOM

GEORGE WASHINGTON
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Masque begins with the Organ playing the opening strains of the Washington theme, plainly stated, and of the Lincoln theme, in equally simple form. All is dark, save for a faint glow of dawn in the sky seen between two tall massive columns at the head of some steps. On either side, at the foot of the steps, are two stone benches.

The music recurs to the Washington theme, playing it more fully. The glow in the sky deepens and rapidly becomes brighter until it is brilliant with red and golden light. From the east there come tall stately figures, who are joined by others like them from the west. As the light increases, it is seen that they are in robes of dazzling brightness. They are the Majestic Ones of Life. Then similarly the music plays the Lincoln theme in full. Blue light rises up over the sky from the west, blending with the red into a gorgeous purple. At the same time there come in still other figures, sensitive and responsive, joyous and sad interchangeably. They are the Human Spirits of this Earth. They join with the Majestic Ones in the rhythmic motion, as the music interweaves the two themes.

The music again passes into a clear statement of the Lincoln theme. The red light in the sky gradually softens and the blue becomes stronger and richer, until it is all a deep blue glow like the night sky. The Majestic Ones recede to either side and kneel or recline. The Human Spirits also come forward and form a central reclining group, as Abraham Lincoln

comes in. The music continues the Lincoln theme in the minor. Lincoln is tired and depressed as at the end of a long hard day. He stands a solitary figure, lonely and bearing his burden, until as the music reaches a long soft chord he speaks.

LINCOLN: With malice toward none, with charity toward all!

Then he straightens up and throws off his melancholy as the music passes into the major. Again he speaks.

LINCOLN: With firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right,—we must strive on.

With a few quiet chords, alternately minor and major, the music ceases. Lincoln brushes his hair back from his forehead with a sigh and resumes his meditations.

LINCOLN: But I must in all candor say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency. — Yes, even one of my old friends and neighbors said to me today, “Well, Mr. Lincoln, if anybody had told me that in a great crisis like this the people were going out to a little one-horse town and pick out a one-horse lawyer for President, I would not have believed it.” He did not mean to hurt my feelings of course, but there is truth in it. What could I say but “Neither would I,” and laugh. — No, I was not the best man to pick for this place. Seward, or Chase, or—I can but do my best for these dear people.

A woman appears in the shadow of the columns behind him. With her are five young men in uniform. Lincoln turns kindly to her.

LINCOLN: And you, my good woman, what is your name? Are you Mrs. Bixby? And these are your five sons? My dear Madam, I feel how weak and helpless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found

in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride which must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. *The woman and her sons disappear, Lincoln stretching*

out his arm in sympathy toward her. A little farther away a group of politicians appear, standing together, talking about him and pointing at him in a hostile manner. Lincoln sees them but at first does not heed them until he wants information from them on the subject that is uppermost in his heart. Then he addresses them.

LINCOLN: Tell me,—you may attack me, but tell me,—do the people of your State hold me in any way responsible for the loss of their friends in the Army?

The politicians do not answer him, simply stand together looking at him. Finally, half addressing them, half meditating, Lincoln continues.

LINCOLN: I know very well that others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; but though I believe I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take.

Lincoln resolutely faces his opponents, who gradually fade away, disappear.

LINCOLN: I am as good as any of them, — These people, forever demanding surrender under the name of peace! Reversing the divine rule and calling, not sinners, but the righteous to repentance, with their invocations to Washington, imploring me to unsay what Washington said, and

undo what Washington did, when I never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence!—I shall not last long after it is over.—Washington! He had bitter unfair opposition to endure as well as I! Traitors even in his own household! With what impeccable dignity and high supremacy of mind he met them,—in very truth the august Father of his Country!

The Washington theme is heard in the music, and then the Lincoln theme answering it, expressive of the very great and deep veneration that Lincoln had for the character of Washington. The Washington theme recurs, louder than before and clarionlike. Rose lights begin to appear and flash through the blue night sky, increasing until the sky is brilliant with red and golden light flashing alternately through the blue. With the first rose lights the Majestic Ones raise themselves into attentive though still reclining positions. As the music develops the two themes together, the Lincoln theme rising in crescendo to meet the Washington theme and the Washington theme sounding louder and louder through it, the Majestic Ones rise and uplift their arms high in exaltation on either side. At the climax of the music Washington appears, in uniform as a General of the Revolutionary War, standing by one of the columns with upraised hand in salutation to Lincoln. Lincoln bowing renders him most sincere greeting. They speak each other's names.

LINCOLN: Washington!

WASHINGTON: Abraham Lincoln!

The music continues softly in a long chord accompaniment to the words spoken by Lincoln and Washington, the chords being the essential chords of the Washington theme.

LINCOLN: Your great example has always been the standard and the inspiration of my life, the solace and encouragement of my efforts in this place!

WASHINGTON: You have saved the nation we created! We are fellows,—two men who love their Country more than all things else on earth!

LINCOLN: The trials, the bitterness you endured!

WASHINGTON: Were like to yours!

Washington comes down to Lincoln and they grasp each other's hands.

WASHINGTON: At last the people came to understand and to support the right! So with you! But now our Country passes through a third, a greater crisis than it ever has before.

LINCOLN: The people of America will rise, to rescue justice and to champion liberty!

WASHINGTON: I trust so, but God grant they do not rise too late!

The Washington theme rises bolding into the major, fortissimo, while the lights glow up into special brilliancy, and the Majestic Ones and the Human Spirits, standing in groups variously combined, exultantly with arms upraised signalize the moment. The music ceases. Washington and Lincoln sit down on the stone benches. The Majestic Ones and the Human Spirits resume their places in groups reclining on the ground in front.

WASHINGTON: Those old experiences of bitter opposition, vituperation and personal recrimination still hang over me like a nightmare. I bore much for the sake of peace and the public good. Fifty thousand pounds would not induce me again to undergo what I did!

LINCOLN: If to be the head of Hell is as hard as what I have to undergo here, I could find it in my heart to pity Satan

himself! General Washington,—I understand you like best to be called General Washington?

WASHINGTON: Yes, I do.

LINCOLN: I have heard there were times when even your imperturbable serenity gave way before the attacks of your enemies. General Charles Scott has said that on finding Charles Lee retreating at Monmouth you swore like an angel from Heaven.

WASHINGTON: The damned poltroon! It may not be a just but it is certainly a kind providence that we sometimes get reputations for virtues after death which we did not altogether deserve while living. I am not a competent judge of General Scott's comparison.

Washington smiles and Lincoln laughs.

WASHINGTON: It is the petty falsities and irritating innuendoes that try one's temper more than the serious troubles. There was a Master of Ceremonies, a major domo, a sort of stately dancing master, when I first became President who gave me much vexation. I dislike parade and ceremony as much as my Democratic neighbor, Mr. Jefferson, but things should be done with a sense of fitness when one is the occupant of this position. In my clothes I wanted neither lace nor embroidery—plain clothes, with a gold or silver button (if worn in genteel dress) is all I desired. But this Master of Ceremonies used so much unnecessary form at Mrs. Washington's and my first levee as to make us ridiculous, and I confess I broke out at him, "Well, you have taken me in once, but, by God, you shall never take me in a second time." Nor did he. (Laughter). Edmund Randolph with his false and ungrateful hostility in my later years tried me sore. Of him, when he brought out one of his scurrilous pamphlets, forgetting myself, I exclaimed, "By the eternal God, he is the damndest liar on the face of the earth!"—which was true. — Mr. Lincoln, it is very easy to confess one's sins to you.

LINCOLN: A man has not time to spend half his life in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me, I never remember the past against him.

WASHINGTON: That is right. I am not sure that I was as forgiving as you, but as I went gliding down the stream of life, I wished that my remaining days should be undisturbed and tranquil; and conscious of my integrity I never undertook the painful task of recrimination, nor did I ever even enter upon my justification. It was peculiarly my wish to avoid any personal feuds or dissensions with those who were embarked in the same great national interest with myself; as every difference of this kind must in consequence be very injurious. I ignored hostility.

LINCOLN: What? Even General Conway?

WASHINGTON: He complained to the Continental Congress of my cool receptions. I did not receive him in the language of a warm and cordial friend.

A group of Washington's enemies appear in the background, evidently by their manner intriguing against him. Among them are Conway and Gates.

CONWAY: A great and good God decreed that America should be free, or Washington and weak counsels would have ruined her long ago.

LINCOLN: Horatio Gates?

WASHINGTON: My bosom friend, General Gates!

LINCOLN: Benedict Arnold?

WASHINGTON: His treason to our friendship grieved me beyond all anger.

LINCOLN: General Washington, you were indeed magnanimous!

The group of Washington's enemies fade away and disappear.

WASHINGTON: My whole life long I yearned to escape from it all, from the army with its endless hardships and even more from public life, and at length, dressed in the gray coat of a Virginia farmer to become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac; and under the shadow of my own vine and fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, to solace myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, and the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, (as if this globe was insufficient for us all), can have very little conception.

During this speech the two grandchildren, George Washington Parke Custis and Nellie Custis come in. The boy sits on the floor beside General Washington, while Nellie stands by him, his arm around her.

LINCOLN: I can sympathize with you about public life. I never had any military experience.

WASHINGTON: The Black Hawk War?

LINCOLN: That amounted to nothing. I never really smelt powder. But you were in your element in battle.

WASHINGTON: It never disturbed me. Indeed, I rather liked it, from the first fight I ever was in, at Fort Necessity. Then first I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there was something charming in the sound. — It was always my prayer that the God of Armies would bestow sufficient abilities on me to bring the war to a speedy and happy conclusion, thereby enabling me to sink into sweet retirement and the full enjoyment of that peace and happiness which accompanies a domestic life. That was always the first wish and most fervent prayer of my soul.

NELLIE CUSTIS: When he came back to Mount Vernon after the war, Grandpa was much pleased with being once more Farmer Washington. Weren't you, Grandpa?

LINCOLN: This your little girl?

WASHINGTON: This is my little granddaughter, or Mrs. Washington's; and grandson. Go over and speak to President Lincoln, my dear.

The two children go over to Lincoln.

LINCOLN: You would not pass me without shaking hands, would you? I had no little girls. All my children were boys, four boys. I wonder where Tad is! —Tad! Tad!

Tad comes in. He comes to his father and hangs over his shoulder as he sits on the bench. Tad is in a little Civil War Lieutenant's uniform.

LINCOLN: Tad, go over and pay your respects to General Washington, the Father of your Country.

Tad very seriously comes to attention and salutes General Washington; he smilingly and graciously acknowledges the salute. Then Tad goes over and shakes hands with him.

LINCOLN: And these are his grandchildren. This is my closest friend, Tad.

Tad shakes hands with the two Custis children and then they all return to their parents and listen to them. Soon Tad slips down to the floor and goes to sleep.

LINCOLN: I was never much of a farmer. I reckon I was too lazy. I used to chop wood a little out in the shed at Springfield, and I split rails when I was young too.

WASHINGTON: We both began as surveyors, I remember. I knew that region you came from, Illinois. I had a keen

eye for bottom lands. I took a trip through there once, that is, down the Ohio River, maybe not as far north as where your town, Springfield, is. The Indians were all through there in my day; the Illini, "the real men", they called themselves. — Agriculture has always been the most favorite amusement of my life. The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs the better I am pleased with them. To see plants rise from the earth and flourish by the superior skill and bounty of the laborer fills the contemplative mind with ideas which are more easy to be conceived than expressed. How much the rotation of crops has accomplished! It was almost unknown in my day; but I practised it a little! It was my greatest pride to be thought the first farmer of America!

As Washington sits genially musing on his home life at Mount Vernon, the music again plays his theme, this time with a fresh springlike pastoral quality introduced by the flutes. The lights become soft and pink as of early morning. Pastoral Elves, in light greens and grain colors, smaller than the other spirits and quicker in motion, run out and dance back and forth between the other groups. As the music and the dancing come to a close, Lincoln quietly rises.

LINCOLN: I must be taking this soldier upstairs and put him to bed pretty soon or he will have me court-martialed in the morning for neglect of duty! Tad sees that everything goes all right in the White House. Even Stanton does whatever he tells him to. That is more than he will do for me! (With a quizzical laugh.) One day someone came to me to ask for a pass through the lines over Stanton's refusal. I told him, "I can do nothing; you must know I have very little influence in this administration."

In the music the Lincoln theme ripples out in accelerated tempo and with very humorous droll effect. Little Sprites of Humor, funny lovable little tots, run out on either side and romp about for a few moments as Lincoln smiling watches them.

LINCOLN: That man I told I had but little influence in my administration makes me think, General Washington, you and I did the best thing, but not the easiest thing, when we appointed our Cabinets and gathered into them pretty much all the leaders of every party or faction in the whole country. Why, I even offered a place to the South, besides making Bates of Missouri, Attorney General; and at that time we did not know for sure whether Missouri was North or South. Our example did not seem to prove very attractive to other Presidents!

WASHINGTON: Coalition ministries do not make quiet families! Jefferson and Hamilton and Randolph!

LINCOLN: Seward and Stanton and Chase! —When I went down the Mississippi on a flatboat, I knew a man, a flatboatman on the Sangamon River in Illinois who to please his children once brought one of them a parrot and the other a monkey all the way up from New Orleans, and steered the flatboat too at the same time.

WASHINGTON: Were you that man?

LINCOLN: I was not. I could not do that.

WASHINGTON: If he accomplished his purpose, he should have been made President of the United States. He showed qualifications.

LINCOLN: I even had to read the riot act to my Cabinet once. Influence? I had to tell them plainly, "I must myself be the judge how long to retain in and when to remove any one of you from his position. It would greatly pain me to discover any of you endeavoring to procure another's removal, or in any way to prejudice him before the public. Such endeavor would be a wrong to me, and much worse, a wrong to the country." And, I added, "My wish is that on this subject no remark be made nor question asked by any of you, here or elsewhere, now or hereafter."

WASHINGTON: Yet it was common report that you were only a figure head in the administration.

Both Washington and Lincoln laugh heartily.

LINCOLN: But they made a glorious Cabinet, men every one of them of great power, of surpassing ability. Stanton! —the winning of the war was the only passion of his loyal soul! He regarded nothing else; and no one. I gave a man a card to him once with a request he wanted. Soon he came back and told me that Stanton in a rage tore my card up and threw it in the waste-basket. Now that was just like Stanton! (Lincoln laughs; and Washington smiles, appreciating both sides of the anecdote.) One time a Congressman who had had an altercation with Stanton thought he was playing the ace of trumps and taking high, low, jack and the game, by coming to me and telling me that Stanton had said I was a fool. I shall never forget the expression on that man's face when I leaned over to him and said confidentially, "If Stanton said I was a fool, I must be a fool, for Stanton is nearly always right and generally says what he means." (Laughs). No, in Stanton I had the right Secretary of War! It took a long time to find a General to match.

WASHINGTON: We both of us were most fortunate in our Secretaries of War. Henry Knox,—with respect to General Knox I can say with truth there was no man in the United States with whom I was in habits of greater intimacy, no one whom I loved more sincerely. Alexander Hamilton, —I called him my boy. For a while he felt estranged from me, but that had all been forgotten when he became my Secretary of the Treasury. There was no one upon whom I relied more implicitly. In ability, I think it a fair question which was the greater financier, he or Robert Morris.

LINCOLN: All money matters I left entirely to Chase. I knew nothing about money. Of all the great men I have known, Chase was equal to about one and a half of the best of them. He did not think much of me. He was not of an

impetuous generous nature, like Stanton. When I was considering the nomination for Chief Justice, I received piles of telegrams and letters protesting against my nominating him, most of them on petty and personal grounds. Now I knew meaner things about Governor Chase than any of those men could tell me. But what had my qualities, my likes or dislikes, or his dislike for me to do with the matter? Of course I nominated him, and he made a fine Chief Justice. — But speaking of profanity and the strain on the temper, General Washington, you should have had Seward for your Secretary of State! Seward was a statesman of preeminent ability; with it he had a classic dignity of manner. One time we were going to the telegraph office together, but were interrupted and detained until I thought we should never get there. As we went into the room, I remarked offhand, "By jings, Governor, we are here at last!" Seward turned to me with a reproving manner and said, "Mr. President, where did you learn that inelegant expression?" I did not answer him directly, but turned to the young telegraph operators and said, "Young gentlemen, excuse me for swearing before you. 'By jings' is swearing, for my good old mother taught me that any thing that had a 'by' before it was swearing." Seward was puzzled. (Laughter). But I am tiring you with my stories.

WASHINGTON: No, indeed, Mr. Lincoln; I enjoy them most heartily. I wish that I had had such a sure relief from strain and worry as you had in your sense of humor! I had no escape except to seek refuge within the dignity of my position and retire behind a reserved manner. And that gave me no refuge from my own thoughts and discouragement.

LINCOLN: When I was President, if I could not have told those stories, I should have died. Those pestiferous office-seekers! Hardly even a personal friend came to see me but he had at least a postmaster in his pocket that wanted to get something out of me! —And the court-martials with their death penalties! Every week I really had to

go through those papers and see if I could not find an excuse to let those poor fellows off! General Washington, maybe you can tell me,—if God Almighty gives a man a cowardly pair of legs, how can he help their running away with him? I remember one young girl who came to me to plead for her brother's life. She had no friend to introduce her, no influence to bring to bear in his behalf. Simply she loved her brother. I could not help saying to her, "My poor girl, you have come here with no Governor, or Senator, or Member of Congress to speak in your cause; you seem honest, and truthful, and you don't wear hoop-skirts, and I'll be whipped if I don't pardon him." Then I felt better! — Now I must take this little fellow up to his bed. Please excuse me a few minutes. Come on, Tad!

Lincoln carefully picks up Tad, who is sound asleep, puts him over his shoulder without waking him, and carries him off. Washington and the Spirits all watch him silently. Then as he goes, the music pours forth the Lincoln theme in swift crescendo and glorious harmonies. The lights in the sky brighten to a supernal brilliance. Washington rises and stands with bowed head, his hat in his hand, and all the Spirits rise and raise their arms in heart-felt tribute to Lincoln.

At the end of the Lincoln music a drum is heard beating the long roll, far away, then gradually a little nearer. Two groups of soldiers come out on either side and take their places as night pickets. One group, on the east, on Washington's side, are Revolutionary soldiers. The other group, on the west, on Lincoln's side, are Civil War soldiers. There are about five in each group. They take their places like two proscenium groups of statuary, not motionless, but quietly keeping guard through the night. Washington wraps his military cloak about him and goes down to the Revolutionary group. Silently they rise and stand at attention while Washington speaks to them. Lincoln returns and with Washington goes down to the group of Civil War soldiers, who likewise rise and stand at attention while Lincoln talks with them. The long roll on the drum comes to an end. Washington and Lincoln return to their places.

WASHINGTON: Ever their guard they keep over the nation
they died to create!

LINCOLN: The nation they died to save!

The long roll on the drum begins again.

WASHINGTON: The preservation of the sacred fire of Liberty
and the destiny of the republican model of government
are justly considered as deeply, as finally intrusted to the
hands of the American people.

LINCOLN: The nations of the earth are all in arms to fight
for mutual Independence and united Liberty!

WASHINGTON: To be prepared for war is one of the most
effectual means of preserving peace. A free people ought
not only to be armed, but disciplined. Oh may our sons
and grandsons quickly come with victory to the rescue of
the world!

LINCOLN: This is Memorial Day. Not only they, but all the
hosts that fought with you and Green; that sailed with
John Paul Jones and Perry; followed Jackson, Scott and
Taylor; Grant and Farragut and Lee, together rise and
march to reenforce their sons and grandsons over there
in France!

WASHINGTON: Again the Men of '76 advance to meet the
Hessians!

LINCOLN: The Grave and Death cannot restrain them!

*Softly the drum resolves its beat into a march and softly
with it are heard, as if only in imagination, the fifes playing
first Yankee Doodle and then The Girl I Left Behind Me. The
measured tramp of marching feet is heard to the sound of fifes
and drum.*

WASHINGTON: The skies are full of marching troops! From
north and south, from east and west they throng the

clouds with cheer and courage for their sons who fight,
with welcome for the wounded and the dead!

LINCOLN: The last time I sailed up the Potomac, just after the close of the Civil War, as the steamer passed your place there at Mount Vernon, I thought of you, and thinking of you quoted those surpassing lines of Shakespeare's in Macbeth,—

Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done its worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

and thought that soon I too should follow you to rest forever.

WASHINGTON: There is no rest for us when all to which we gave our souls each moment stands in jeopardy. No rest but vigilance and prayer!

LINCOLN: I have been driven to my knees many times by the overwhelming conviction that I had no where else to go. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended you we cannot succeed. But with that assistance we cannot fail.

WASHINGTON: With that assistance we cannot fail.

LINCOLN: I am not deeply concerned to know if the Lord is on my side, but whether I am on the Lord's side.

WASHINGTON: The propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained.

LINCOLN: This is God's fight and He will win it in His own good time.

WASHINGTON: Our service, yours and mine, was to bring to the people of our day the vision of America that glorified the purpose of our lives! So still we lead our generations,

and the generations that have followed, on to perfect service. No work is done, no life is given, no suffering endured, no prayer is prayed for Liberty but lasts forever, piling up its strength and buttressing its might through all the centuries and ages yet to come! America! America! For thee we lived and died; for thee we ever live! And now the might of all thy generations do we call to back thy soldiers fighting with thine Allies now in France!

The music pours forth fortissimo the two themes, the Washington and the Lincoln, in strong clear statement. Then with them is heard the theme of America, like clarion peals interrupting. Marching from the west toward the east the figure of America appears, with drawn sword in hand, carrying the American Flag and wearing the Shield of the United States on her shoulder. Following her are American soldiers of the Great War. As she goes up to the highest point of the stage there come in from the east, meeting her and welcoming her the figures of the Allies,—Belgium, France, Britain, and Italy. As the Revolutionary and the Civil War pickets and the Spirits below her surge forward toward her with upraised arms of acclamation and as the light pours in dazzling brilliance upon her, America raises the Flag high above her and the Music pours out the full harmony of America. Washington kneels with sword drawn and Lincoln stands with bowed head, and all join in singing the four stanzas of

AMERICA

With the last stanza, "Our fathers' God, to Thee", all kneel. Then the music playing the two themes, first the Lincoln and then the Washington, as at the beginning of the Masque, and the lights fading away into darkness, all the figures rise and receding disappear from view.

NOTE—The dialogue is almost all of it in the words of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln themselves. It has not been thought necessary to indicate where modifications have been made in the wording to adapt it to the present dramatic purpose.

W. C. L.

FIRST PERFORMANCE

THE MASQUE OF THE TITANS OF FREEDOM

under the auspices of

THE WAR COMMITTEE OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

in the University Auditorium

MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 30, 1918

GEORGE WASHINGTON . .	Francis Keese Wynkoop Drury
ABRAHAM LINCOLN . .	Rev. Stephen Elias Fisher
THE CUSTIS CHILDREN .	Agnes Elford Johnston and John Benjamin Drury
TAD	Richard Dunlap
MRS. BIXBY	Mrs. Morgan Brooks
CONTINENTAL CONGRESSMAN	Don Clausen, Richard Bell, T. F. Hay, E. G. Mason
CIVIL WAR CONGRESSMAN	Al. Rapp, Louis P. McKay, R. Smykal, R. P. Wettstein
REVOLUTIONARY PICKET .	David J. Kadyk, Orville Crews, Walter Barry, H. B. Carr, William E. Fulrath
CIVIL WAR PICKET . . .	Palmer G. Craig, Morgan Fitch Fred W. Myers, I. M. Funk Harold R. Pinckard

AMERICA	Gertrude Sawyer
AMERICAN SOLDIERS OF THE GREAT WAR . .	Captain Gerald Darfield Stopp and Cadets of the United States School of Military Aeronautics
THE ALLIES: BELGIUM .	Dorothy Doty
FRANCE .	Lois Marie Scott
BRITAIN .	Ethel Hottinger
ITALY . .	Mildred Winifred Wright

THE MAJESTIC ONES OF LIFE: Dorothy Bahe, Lillian Johnston, Margaret Pahl, Northa Ann Price, Astrid Dodge, Goldia Butzer.

THE HUMAN SPIRITS OF EARTH: Eunice Badger, Margaret Rutledge, Katherine Fay Miller, Beulah Prante, Florence Bartow Johnston, Mary Jane Weir.

THE PASTORAL ELVES: Lucile Abraham, Rubie Turnquist, Mary Mumford, Christine Hyland, Marion Treat, Margaret Langdon.

THE SPRITES OF HUMORS Beatrice Sloan, Virginia Mumford, Betty Ballantine, Catharine Colvin.

THE MUSIC OF THE TITANS OF FREEDOM composed for the Organ by John Lawrence Erb, F.A.G.O., and played by him at the first performance. Rehearsal Accompanists: Clara G. Armington and Laura A. Dole;

THE COSTUMES designed by Mrs. William Chauncy Langdon;

THE DANCES led by Dorothy Bahe;

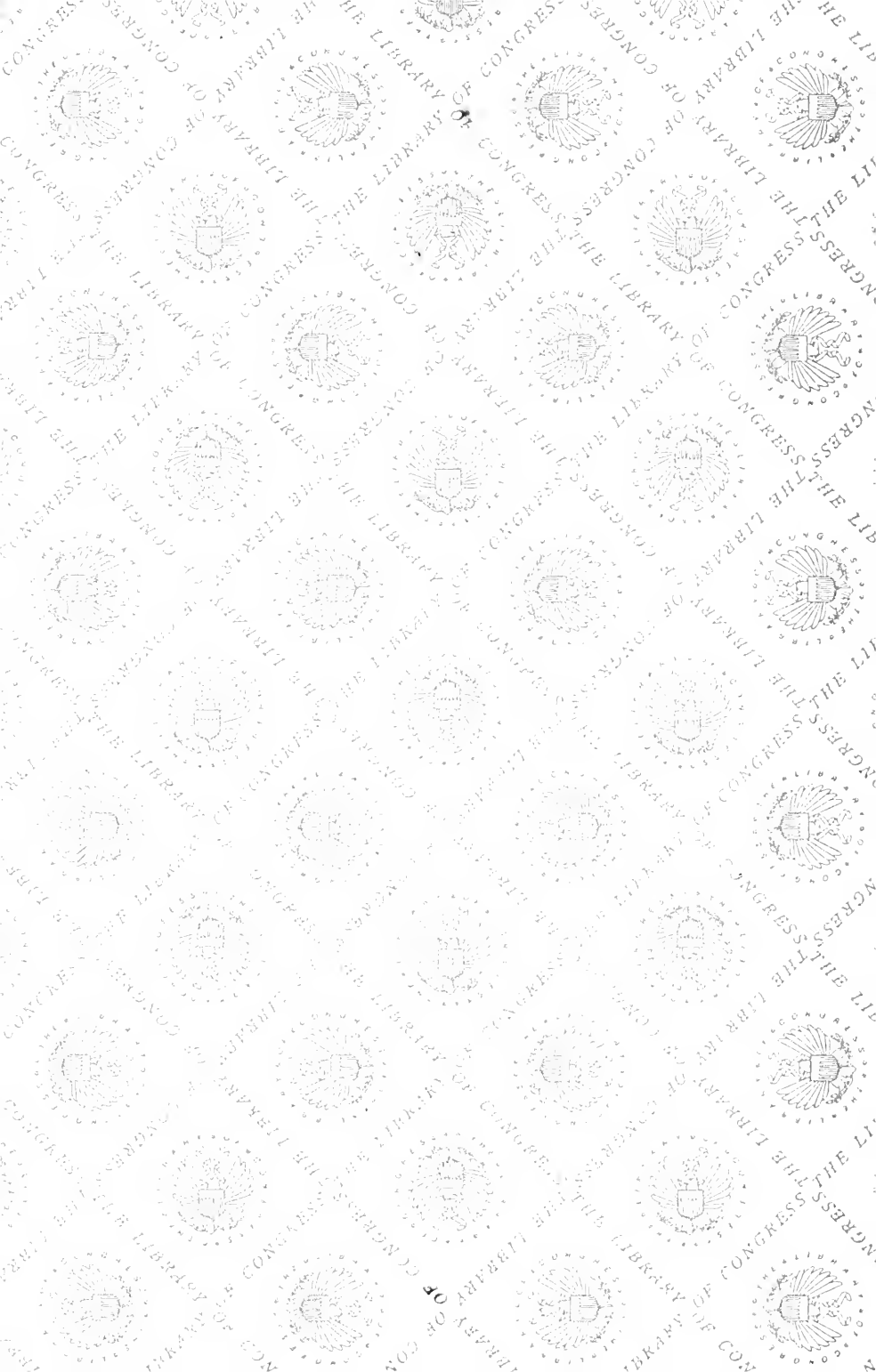
THE UNIVERSITY WAR COMMITTEE—David Kinley, Chairman; Eugene Davenport, Stephen Alfred Forbes, Frederick Haynes Newell, Stuart Pratt Sherman, Charles Alton Ellis, Charles Manfred Thompson;

THE COMMITTEE ON DECORATION DAY CELEBRATION—Daniel Kilham Dodge, Chairman; Harry Franklin Harrington, William Chauncy Langdon, Rex R. Thompson.



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